

## BROOKLYN "ENOCH" MAY BE DECLARED LEGALLY A GHOST

Wife He Deserted for Many Years Plans Action Against Nethercott.

SHE WANTS TO SEE HIM.

Second Husband Has Warrant and a Beating Waiting for Wanderer.

If Thomas W. Nethercott, Canarsie's "Enoch" with a "wail," tries to make more trouble for his wife, her lawyer, John M. Wilson, said to-day, he not only will be arrested, but efforts will be made to declare him legally dead.

Nethercott, being legally dead, it was pointed out, he will have no more standing in the world than if he were a ghost.

The wife, Mrs. Mary F. Cook, was prostrated to-day in her home, No. 1317 East Ninety-third Street, Brooklyn. She was under the care of a physician, and her husband was guarding the Cook home.

"We will welcome the appearance of Mr. Nethercott in these parts," said Cook. "I would like very much to see him. His last visit was unexpected and I was not prepared for him. If he comes back the law will take its course."

Attorney Wilson is in his home at No. 550 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, as soon as he recovers he will take steps to have Nethercott tagged as a man who is dead in the eyes of the law.

"There really isn't any pressing need for such a step," he said. "By his own actions Nethercott has lost all claim upon the woman he once took as his wife. He has neglected her shamefully. When she married Cook she believed she was a widow. She had gone to Calvary Cemetery and there had seen a tombstone on which was inscribed, 'Thomas W. Nethercott, U. S. N.'"

"She was sure Nethercott was dead, and he really was, in so far as the law was concerned, for he had not communicated with her for ten years."

Nethercott hasn't been seen since Sunday evening, when he went to the Cook home, found his wife married to another and began fighting, instead of being the blow silently, as did Tennyson's hero.

## DESIGN FOR CITY HALL FOUNTAIN IS REJECTED

Municipal Art Commission Turns Down Frederick MacMonnies's Statue as Irrelevant.

The Municipal Art Commission, by a unanimous vote, has rejected the design for a new City Hall fountain submitted by Frederick MacMonnies, an American sculptor, who now lives in Paris. The disapproval was the result of a report made by a committee of members of the commission that the design "bears no relation to the City Hall, either architecturally or sculpturally."

The committee that made the recommendation is composed of Carl Hitter, one of the best known sculptors in the country; Frank L. Babbitt and John A. Mitchell, editor of "Life." The other members of the Art Commission are Robert W. De Forest, President Metropolitan Museum of Art; A. Augustus Healy, President Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; George W. Breck, William A. Boring and Frank R. Lawrence, President of the Lotus Club.

The rejection of the MacMonnies design does not prevent him from furnishing another. In 1909 he received \$10,000 when he was awarded the contract for the City Hall fountain.

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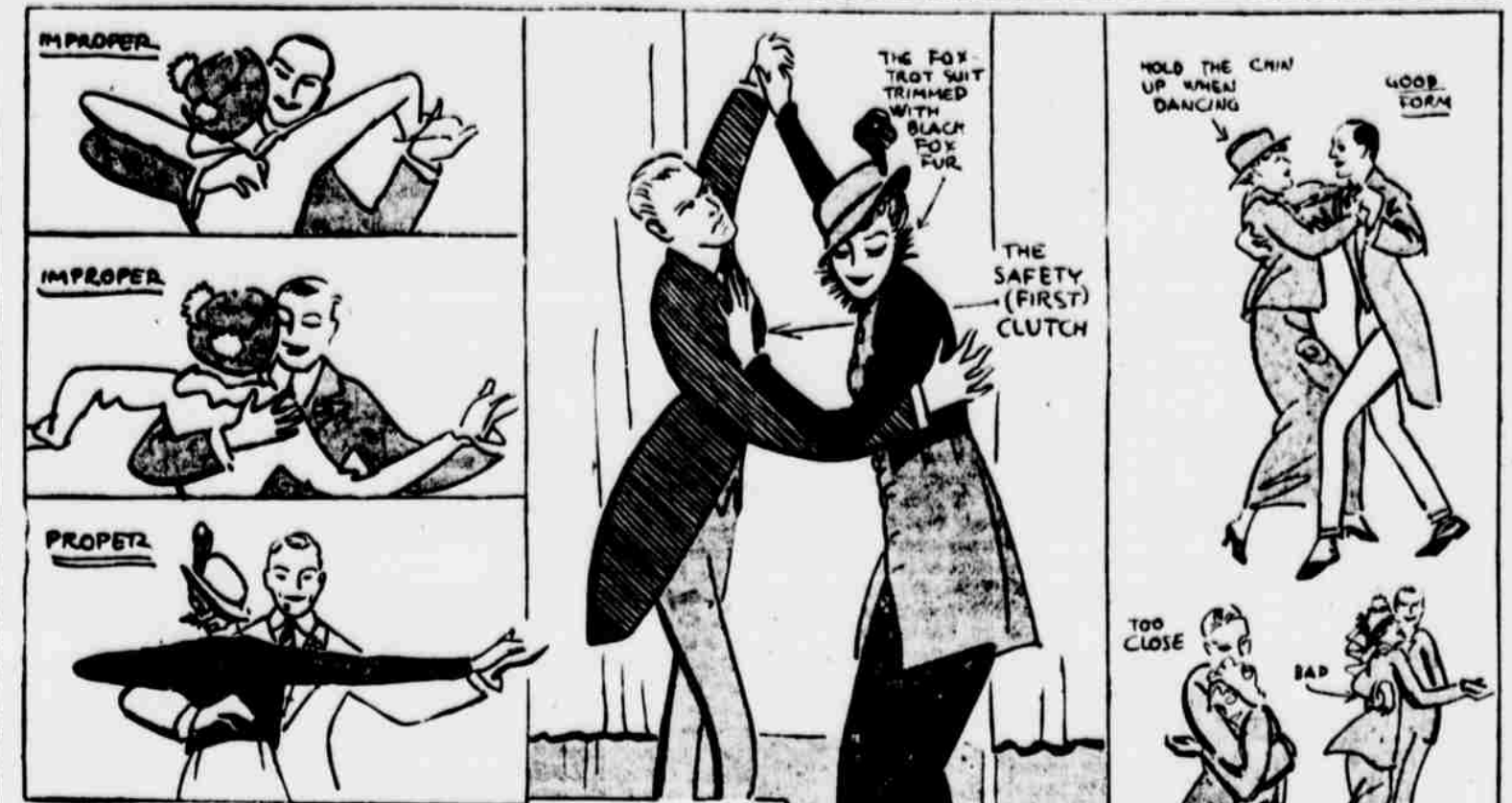
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## "Safety-First" Grip to Make Dancing Sane; New Clutch Robs the Fox Trot of Peril



**Pittsburgh Has Just Discovered Position That Protects Women Dancers, but New York Danc-ing Masters Adopted It Long Ago—Few Little Tricks Enable Girl to Keep Partner in Place Easily.**

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

The safety first campaign has reached the ballroom. If the sweet young thing were ever in danger of entering the downward path at a fox trot or a canter, that peril is past. The dance steps themselves are definitely not naughty any more. And the dancing men won't be allowed to be naughty. Safety—moral safety—first!

A special position, a real "safety clutch," instead of a caloric clutch, has been devised for the woman dancer, which will absolutely prevent any undue familiarity from her male partner. This terpsichorean jiu-jitsu is guaranteed to frustrate three masculine pests. It will preserve any debutante from the tender embrace of the bald-headed flirt, who is "old enough to be your father, little girl." It will restrain her from the clingstone clasp of the man who doesn't know how to dance and wants to be towed around. And it will restrain the ingenious youth who hasn't learned that there is a place for everything and that for some things a corner in the conservatory is better than a brightly-lighted ballroom.

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In the "safety first" position the woman stands with her left hand on her partner's right shoulder, the four fingers outstretched and slightly bent, so that she may quickly tighten them to a grip or double them to a fist. Her right hand is not on her partner's left shoulder, where he can cover it with his own and surreptitiously squeeze it, but is held out at least eighteen inches from her body, parallel to her shoulder, and just touches her partner's fingers. Her head is erect and slightly thrown back, which prevents even a man of exactly her own height from bringing his face too close to hers. If the man attempts to move his right hand from its proper position, just above her waist, she may put it where it belongs by bringing her left elbow sharply down on the inside of his right elbow. If he stands too close she has but to make a flat of her left hand and, moving it swiftly downward four inches from the man's shoulder to his chest, press him firmly away from her.

OFTEN FINDS THERE'S NEED OF SAFETY FIRST POSE. "I've had to do that not infrequently when I've been dancing with men I didn't know well," confessed Mrs. Wilson Karcher, wife of the artist and exhibition dancer, who is the feminine half of the "safety first" pose drawn by The Evening World artist.

"When the new dances came in a few years ago they were vigorously unconventional and, in some cases, frankly vulgar," explained Mr. Cleveland. "Now, man breaks away from conventions more readily than woman, and he returns to them with greater reluctance. Almost from the beginning woman has urged, not that modern dances be abolished, but that they be made seemly and in keeping with the tradition of feminine modesty."

"The American girl demanded the 'safety first' position and she is gently but firmly enforcing it."

THE SAFETY FIRST CAMPAIGN HAS REACHED THE BALLROOM. If the sweet young thing were ever in danger of entering the downward path at a fox trot or a canter, that peril is past. The dance steps themselves are definitely not naughty any more. And the dancing men won't be allowed to be naughty. Safety—moral safety—first!

A special position, a real "safety clutch," instead of a caloric clutch, has been devised for the woman dancer,